

UGLY AMERICAN

#666

Foetus, Unsane
November, CBGBs, NYC

The Unsane: The most aurally complex punk band ever. Where they can take their sound from here is unknown, cuz it seems like they've painted themselves into a stylistic corner. Hopefully they won't spend the rest of their career struggling to capture their massive sound on vinyl, but things look that way. 'Tis a fuckin' pity.

Foetus started out on a good foot; a mad vocal loop combined with the irregular flashing of strobes pointed at the audience provided an irritating prelude. But as soon as the band stepped out, things fell apart. "Free James Brown" was slowed down to a big dumb rock pace, and Jim's Earth Wind and Fire of the Underground (Norm Westerberg, Al Kizys, Dave Ouimet, the drummer from Gore, some fucker I didn't recognize on guitar and violin) sounded for most of the evening either sparse, muffled, tired, or sloppy. Second of all, the motherfucker played for two and a half hours. I was getting flashbacks of the Swans' burning wurlitzer tour. To top it all off, our sinister host got his silly ass clocked in the head by a rather petite female member of the audience when he wandered off-stage during "Anything" ("I CAN DO ANY GODDAMN THING WANT!!"... whack). Luckily Al Kizys immediately lept into the melee and crushed that little girl's face, or we mighta had a massacre. I tell you what, it was a cold night for alligators...

-Ed



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